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The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd).

"Whatever has happened to your memory?" said Mrs. Church, sweetly.

"My memory," said the trickster, slowly, passing his hand over his brow; "why, what's the matter with it?"

"It doesn't seem quite so good as it was," said the lady, affectionately. "Never mind, my memory will have to do for both."

There was enough emphasis on the last sentence to send a little chill through the captain's frame. He said nothing, but keeping his eye on his plate attacked his frugal meal in silence, and soon afterwards went upstairs to bed to think out this position.

If his own memory was defective Mrs. Church's was certainly redundant. When he came hurrying in to dinner next day she remembered that he had told her he should not be home to that meal. He was ungallant enough to contemplate a raid upon hers; she, with a rare thoughtfulness, had already eaten it. He went to the "Thorn," and had some cold salt beef, and cursed the ingenious Nibletts, now on his way to London, sky-high.

Mrs. Banks came in the next evening with her daughter, and condoled with the housekeeper on the affliction which had already been noised about Seabridge. Mrs. Church, who had accepted her as an ally, but with mental reservations, softly applied a handkerchief to her eyes.

"How are you feeling?" demanded Mrs. Banks, in the voice of one addressing a deaf invalid.

"I'm all right," said Barber shortly.

"That's his pride," said Mrs. Church, mournfully; "he won't own to it. He can't remember anything. He pretends he doesn't know me."

"Who are you?" asked the sufferer, promptly.

"He'll get the better of it," said Mrs. Banks, kindly, as her quondam foe wiped her eyes again. "If he don't, you'd better marry before October."

To say that Captain Barber pricked up his ears at this, indicates but feebly his interest in the remark. He held his breath and looked wildly round the room as the two ladies, deftly ignoring him, made their arrangements for his future.

"I don't like to seem to hurry it," said the housekeeper.

"No, of course you don't. It he said October, naturally October it ought to be, in the usual way," remarked the other.

"I never said October," interrupted the trembling mariner.

"There's his memory again," said Mrs. Banks, in a low voice.

"Poor dear," sighed the other.

"We'll look after your interests," said Mrs. Banks, with a benevolent smile. "Don't you remember meeting me by the church the other night and telling me that you were going to marry Mrs. Church in October?"

"No," bawled the affrighted man.

"Clean gone," said Mrs Church, shaking her head; "it's no use."

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Banks.

"October seems rather early," said Mrs. Church, "especially as he is in mourning for his nephew."

"There's no reason for waiting," said Mrs. Banks, decidedly. "I dare say it's his loneliness that makes him want to hurry it. After all, he ought to know what he wants."

"I never said a word about it," interposed Captain Barber, in a loud voice.

"All right," said Mrs. Banks, indulgently. "What are you going to wear, my dear?" she added, turning to the housekeeper.

Mrs. Church seemed undecided, and Captain Barber, wiping the moisture from his brow, listened as one in a dream to a long discussion on the possibilities of her wardrobe. Thrice he interrupted, and thrice the ladies, suspending ther conversation for a moment, eyed him with tender pity before resuming it.

"Me and Frank thought of October," said Elizabeth, speaking for the first time. She looked at Captain Barber and then at her mother. It was the look of one offering to sell a casting vote.

"October's early," said the old lady, bridling.

Mrs. Church looked up at her, and then modestly looked down again. "Why not a double wedding?" she asked, gently.

Captain Barber's voice was drowned in acclamations. Elizabeth kissed Mrs. Church, and then began to discuss her own wardrobe. The owner of the house, the owner of the very chairs on which they were sitting, endeavored in vain to stop them on a point of order, and discovered to his mortification that a man without a memory is a man without influence. In twenty minutes it was all settled, and even an approximate date fixed. There was a slight movement on the part of Elizabeth to obtain Captain Barber's opinion upon that, but being reminded by her mother that he would forget all about it in half an hour's time, she settled it without him.

"I'm so sorry about your memory, Captain Barber," said Mrs. Banks, as she prepared to depart. "I can understand what a loss it is. My memory's a very good one. I never forget anything."

"You forget yourself, ma'am," returned her victim, with unconscious ambiguity, and, closing the door behind her, returned to the parlor to try to think of some means of escaping from the position to which the ingenuity of Captain Nibletts, aided by that of Mrs. Banks, had brought him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Opponents of medicine have hit upon a means of cleansing the system by abstaining for a time from food, and drinking a quantity of fair water. It is stated to clear the eyes and the skin, and to cause a feeling of lightness and buoyancy undreamt of by those who have never tried it. All people, perhaps, are not affected exactly alike, and Captain Flower, while admitting the lightness, would have disdainfully contested any charge of buoyancy. Against this objection it may be said that he was not a model patient, and had on several occasions wilfully taken steps to remove the feeling of lightness.

It was over a fortnight since his return to London. The few shillings obtained for his watch had disappeared days before; rent was due and the cupboard was empty. The time seemed so long to him, that Poppy, and Seabridge, and the Foam might have belonged to another period of existence. At the risk of detection he had hung round the Wheeler's night after night for a glimpse of the girl for whom he was enduring all these hardships, but without success. He became a prey to nervousness, and, unable to endure the suspense any longer, determined to pay a stealthy visit to Wapping and try to see Fraser.

He chose the night on which in the ordinary state of affairs the schooner should be lying alongside the wharf; and keeping a keen look-out for friends and foes both, made his way to the Minories and down Tower Hill. He had pictured it as teeming with people he knew, and the bare street and closed warehouses, with a chance docker or two slouching slowly along, struck him with an odd sense of disappointment. The place seemed changed. He hurried past the wharf; that too was deserted, and after a loving peep at the spars of his schooner he drifted slowly across the road to the "Albion," and, pushing the door a little way open, peeped cautiously in. The faces were all unfamiliar, and letting the door swing quietly back he walked on until he came to the "Town of Yarmouth."

The public bar was full. Tired workers were trying to forget the labors of the day in big draughts of beer, while one of them had thrown off his fatigue sufficiently to show a friend a fancy step of which he was somewhat vain. It was a difficult and intricate step for a crowded bar, and panic-stricken men, holding their beer aloft, called wildly upon him to stop, while the barman, leaning over the counter, strove to make his voice heard above the din. The dancer's feet subsided into a sulky shuffle, and a tall seaman, removing the tankard which had obscured his face, revealed the honest features of Joe. The sight of him and the row of glasses and hunches of bread and cheese behind the bar was irresistible. The skipper caught a departing customer by the coat and held him.

(To be continued).

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Meat Economy.

Use less; once a day is ample if supplemented with legume dishes, milk soups, cheese dishes, attractive bread and cereal dishes, and eggs when they are cheap enough.

Serve carefully at the table; it is better to serve twice than to send remnants to the garbage pail.

Use cheaper cuts. We pay largely for flavor, tenderness, and excessive fat is the expensive cuts.

We buy meats chiefly for their protein food value. The cheaper round, shank, and neck cuts give more for the money.

The cheaper cuts chopped fine make a Hamburg steak as quickly broiled as a porterhouse.

Prolonged cooking at the lower temperatures will make the toughest cuts tender and improve their flavor. This can be accomplished economically in the double-boiler when the coal or wood fire is being used for other things; in the casserole or close-covered stone crock in the coal stove oven when it is left for the night; or in the fireless cooker when gas or electric stoves are used.

Stews—To many Canadians the word brings a memory of savorless chunks of meat swimming in a watery gravy. In intelligent hands it becomes a dish of infinite variety through the combination of different meats with different vegetables and seasonings, into juicy pieces of meat bedded in most savory sauce.

Make a little meat go a long way. Spread the flavor over other nutritious but more neutral-flavored food, e.g., meat pies, Irish stew, potpies with dumplings, stews with plenty of savory gravy, served in a border of rice, mashed potatoes, boiled beans, macaroni or vegetables.

Use every part of a meat purchased. Fry out the fat not used for the table, and use for shortening and other purposes; trimmings and bones for soups, and left-overs for "made" dishes. Avoid using too strong heat for roasting and broiling, which ruins bones and trimmings for the soup pot, besides wasting heat.

Eliminate meat from the diet of the small children. The normal child will thrive better on milk, cereals, and eggs in place of meat. A child's appetite is what the parents make it. Do not feel sorry for the child whose breakfast is oatmeal and milk, and supper is bread and milk with a bit of biscuit and jam; thec hild is well fed.

Eggs may replace meat in the adult diet whenever the price per dozen goes below the cost of 1½ pound round steak.

Household Hints.

Pictures should be hung on an agreeable level with the eye.

The lightest weight kitchen utensils make work less tiresome.

When a screw becomes loose, remove it and fill the hole with bits of sponge packed in tightly. Then replace the screw and it will hold as firmly as ever.

When slipping geraniums remember that the woody stalks cut back and set in rich soil will make the best blooming plants.

To set growing house plants in a tub and spray them with a bath spray is one of the best methods of giving their leaves the necessary moisture.

After washing oilcloth and linoleum, be sure to dry it properly. If left damp it will speedily rot and soon become totally ruined. It is a great mistake to use too much water for washing it. The cloth should be wrung out and passed lightly over the surface.

A campstool to hold the clothes basket is a convenience on washday. It is light, easily carried about, and when not in use takes up little room. In hanging out the clothes and taking them from the line the stool saves stooping and keeps the bottom of the basket clean.

Time will be saved if the housekeeper will sit down with pad and cook book and plan the meals for at least three days, and as each meal is planned a list is made of the food to be purchased; by this means the marketing can be done for three days in little more time than would be required for one.

When a child has the slightest tendency to crooked legs he should have a very special treatment. His bones are too soft, and he needs more lime and iron. He should be taken off his feet at once, and have salt water bathing and massage.

Door mats should never be shaken against a wall. It causes the fibre to break. They should be placed face downwards and beaten gently with a stick or brush head. Mats treated like this will last twice as long. This method is also cleaner and easier.

To freshen a skirt that has become wrinkled and mussed from packing or otherwise, brush carefully, so that all dust may be removed, and hang over a tub of boiling hot water. After it is thoroughly steamed it will look like a tailor cleaned garment.

To avoid valuable time looking for the different buttons in your button box take a wire hairpin and straighten it out; then shape the wire in a circle and bend each end back after stringing all of one kind of buttons on the pin, and hook one end through the other. It takes but a minute and you always have the different kinds right at hand.

Fish Recipes.

Salmon Cutlets. — Chop rather coarsely the contents of a tin of salmon, and mix in an equal bulk of breadcrumbs, seasoning the lot according to taste. Then, with the aid of beaten eggs, form a fairly stiff paste, which can be made into cutlets, and each coated with egg or milk and browned breadcrumbs. Heat in a frying pan with dripping.

Creamed Finnan Haddie.—Two cupfuls of white (or cream) sauce, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three eggs, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, two cupfuls of flaked finnan haddie, pepper. Boil one egg hard. Add the butter and yolks of two eggs to cream sauce, cheese and pepper and minced hard-boiled egg. Then add the fish and heat the mixture.

Baked Codfish.—One cup rice, one quart milk, one cup shredded codfish, three tablespoons butter, four eggs. Cook rice and milk in double boiler until rice is tender and has absorbed the milk. Add well-beaten egg yolks, codfish that has been soaked, and butter. When cool add the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake and serve with the melted butter.

Fish Pie.—Remove the bones and skin from any cold cooked fish, shred it and add seasoning to taste. Butter a baking-dish, cover the bottom with mashed potatoes and add the fish and small bits of butter. Season and cover with a top layer of potatoes and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes or until it is brown.

A tree has been discovered in Madagascar that produces coffee which is said to be free from caffein.

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USES OF CONVERSATION.

"When Two Come Together One Apprehends Before the Other."

In discourse with a friend, our thought, hitherto wrapped in our consciousness, detaches itself, and allows itself to be seen as a thought, in a manner as new and entertaining to us as to our companions. For provocation of thought, we use ourselves and use each other. Some perceptions—I think the best—are granted to the single soul; they come from the depth, and go to the depth, and are the permanent and controlling ones. Others it takes two to find. We must be warmed by the fire of sympathy to be brought into the right conditions and angles of vision. . . . Homer said, "When two come together, one apprehends before the other"; but it is because one thought well that the other thinks better; and two men of good mind will excite each other's activity, each attempting still to cap the other's thought. . . . By sympathy, each opens to the eloquence, and begins to see with the eyes of his mind. We were all lonely, thoughtless; and now a principle appears to all; we see new relations, many truths; every mind seizes them as they pass; each catches by the mane one of these strong coursers like horses of the prairie, and rides up and down in the world of the intellect.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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THE MARTYRS OF ARMENIA

OBJECT OF TURK TO STAMP OUT CHRISTIANITY.

Hundreds of Thousands Have Died in Preference to Accepting the Mohammedan Faith.

The slaughter of between seven and eight hundred thousand Armenians by the Turks since the beginning of the war reveals the Armenians quite as much martyrs to Christianity as any of the early Christians who died in Nero's arena, writes Viscount Bryce.

There are to-day more than a million Armenians and Syrians starving to death in Asia Minor, Syria, the Russian Caucasus, Persia and Palestine. The relief work for them in America is in charge of the American committee for Armenian and Syrian relief in New York.

In the history of the early Christian church there are no figures so glorious, none which have continued to be so much honored by the Church all through its later days, as those of the martyrs, men and women who, from the time of Nero down to that of Diocletian, sealed with their blood the testimony to their faith notwithstanding every lure and every threat, in order to preserve to their death loyalty to their Lord and Master, Christ.

Died for Christian Faith.

In our own times we have seen this example of fidelity repeated in the Turkish Empire, and it is strange that the Christians of Europe and America should not have been more moved by the examples of courage and heroic devotion which the Armenian Christians have given. Of the seven or eight hundred thousands of Armenians who have perished in the recent massacres many thousands have died as martyrs, by which I mean they have died for their Christian faith when they could have saved their lives by renouncing it.

This has perhaps not been realized even by those who in Europe or America have read of and been horrified by the wholesale slaughter and hideous cruelties by which half of an ancient nation has been exterminated. They can hardly understand how there should be religious persecution in our time, so let me try to explain the facts.

It was not religious fanaticism that led the present rulers of Turkey to seek to root out Christianity. Far from being fanatics, most of these men, though nominally Mohammedans, have no religion whatever. Their aim is political. They wanted to make the whole Turkish Empire Mohammedan in order to make it uniform with only one creed and no differences between one class of subjects and another. They saw that the Christian part of the population, suffering under constant oppressions and cruelties, continued to turn its eyes westward and hope for some redress from the Christion nations; so they determined to eliminate Christianity altogether.

Christ or Mohammed.

During the recent massacres whenever any Christian would turn Mohammedan his life was spared. It was only as a Christian that he was killed. Many a Christian child was torn from its parents to be brought up as a Mussulman. Thousands of Armenian Christian girls were sold in the market or distributed among Turkish officers to be imprisoned for life in Turkish harems and there forced into Mohammedanism. But many more thousands of Armenians, women as well as men, were offered their choice between Christ and Mohammed, and when they refused Mohammed were shot down or drowned forthwith. For days together the bodies of Christian women who had thus perished were seen floating down the Euphrates.

Surely the remains of this suffering nation could make no stronger appeal for pity and help to the Christians of America than they make through these martyr deaths. Only a remnant is now left to whom charity can be extended. It is still a sorely afflicted remnant.

How To Win Time.

The only way to win time is not to lose time, says Lloyd George. You must not lose time in the Council Chamber; you must not lose time in the Departments which carry out decrees of the Government; you must not lose time in the field, in the factory, or the workshop. Whoever tarries when he ought to be active—whether it is a statesman, a soldier, an official, a farmer, a worker, a rich man with his money—he is simply helping the enemy to secure the aid of the most powerful factor in this war-time. Act, and you act in time, that is our appeal to you.

Making It All Right.

An old lady who had been introduced to a doctor who was also a professor in a university felt somewhat puzzled as to how she would address the great man.

"Shall I call you 'doctor' or 'professor'?" she asked.

"Oh, just as you wish," was the reply; "as a matter of fact, some people call me an old idiot."

"Indeed," she said, sweetly, "but, then, they are people that know you."

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